

The World.

ESTABLISHED BY JOSEPH PULITZER.
Published Daily Except Sunday by the Press Publishing Company, New 55 to 57 Park Row, New York.
RALPH PULITZER, President, 55 Park Row.
J. ANGUS SHAW, Treasurer, 55 Park Row.
JOSEPH PULITZER, Jr., Secretary, 55 Park Row.
Entered at the Post-Office at New York as Second-Class Matter.
Subscription Rates: The Evening World for England and the Continent and World for the United States and Canada. All Countries in the International Postal Union.
Year.....\$2.00 One Year.....\$3.75
Six Months.....\$1.50 One Month.....\$0.30
VOLUME 54.....NO. 19,110

PRAY, WHY NOT "FOR PLEASURE"?

THAT Americans "go to concerts for pleasure rather than for study" is no reason why Josef Hoffman, the pianist, should become politely sad about us or worry about the stagnation of our musical taste.

Our love of music for the pleasure there is in it does not cause us the least disquiet. We hope to see it increase rather than diminish. Incidentally, if we took to studying concerts instead of enjoying them we wonder what would become of the procession of talented performers who have been turning their backs on Europe and playing to ten thousand dollar audiences of "more American music-lovers" ever since we first beheld this same gifted Mr. Hoffman a little dimpled boy perched on a piano stool in Brooklyn.

We admit we like to enjoy our music.
We admit we like programmes that give us the immortal freshness and life of music, rather than its dry bones and erudition.
We admit also that we do not like to have even a Paderewski suddenly keep us waiting for an hour before he begins a concert.

What we like in music is not pose, eccentricity or parade of learning, but frankly—pleasure. And when we find it our response is more quick, more genuine, more generous than that of any people on earth.

The joint report of the several New England State Public Service Commissions on the financial troubles of the Boston and Maine asserts that on the present showing the road will be \$2,000,000 short of its fixed charges in 1914. Incidentally the road is carrying \$37,000,000 of short term notes bearing 7-1/2 per cent. interest, \$30,000,000 of which was spent for stocks in other things "not now valuable." The interest on \$27,000,000 at 7-1/2 per cent. is \$2,025,000 per annum!

AN ITEM TO GRACE THE RECORDS.

A NEW forty-five dollar fire-alarm box, eighty dollars cheaper and in every way better and more economical than the old-style box, becomes the property of the city.

The two experts of the Fire-Alarm Telegraph Bureau who have worked two years to perfect the invention, now turn it over to New York without royalty, in order that no private company may ever get possession of it and so increase its cost.

On the 15,000 new boxes which must be installed in the next five years the saving to the city will amount to \$1,800,000.

It is a fine thing to get hold of a simplified alarm box which will do away with an immense amount of costly wiring and repair. It is finer still to know that there are clever men in the city departments who are willing to give their best brain and effort to the service with no thought of holding the city up for the valuable results of their labors.

New York will be proud of its new fire alarm box and even prouder to owe it to the skill and loyalty of its own experts instead of having to buy it from outsiders.

One William Salzer, New York's former Governor once removed, who is said to have been booked for a hundred lectures at \$1,000 per, has met small audiences and scant enthusiasm and is now headed for home. A martyr ought to stick around until his wrongs are strong enough to travel.

THE MARCH OF CIVILIZATION.

THE STREET PAVING is a fair measure of civilization, the people of Queens have a chance to show how enlightened they are.

Borough President Connolly has directed that in petitioning for the improvement of streets, property owners in Queens can say what kind of pavement they want. Macadam is ruled out, but sheet asphalt or asphalt blocks on a solid concrete foundation may be stipulated.

Formerly residents of Queens were forced into periodic fights seeing them thousands of dollars because every now and then some favored contractor would start to put down a pavement that everybody could see was worthless.

Thanks to Borough President McAneny, Manhattan has learned a good deal about paving material and contractors in the last four years, and is in a position to give even the State points on getting asphalt that is neither bought with graft, mixed with graft, nor laid on a foundation of graft.

If Queens is not too proud it will take a tip or two from over the river.

Seventy-eight years ago to-day a fire broke out in this city which swept the lower east side, wiped out the stocks of six hundred merchants and destroyed twenty million dollars' worth of property.

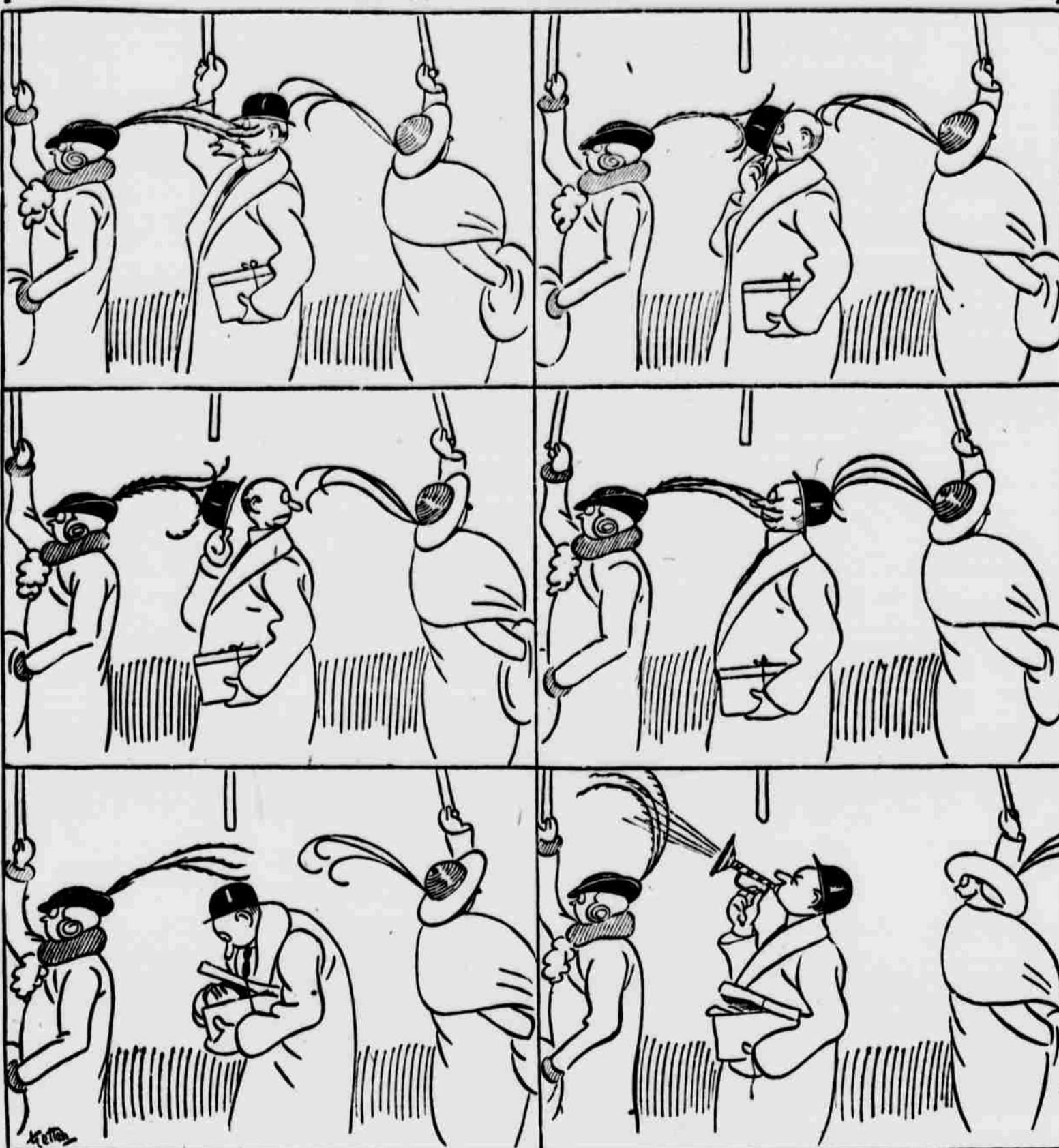
Letters from the People

Chauffeurs' Side of the Case.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
With all the hue and cry about reckless chauffeurs the verdict is: The only good chauffeur is the one in jail. The average chauffeur is not careless; it is due to his extreme carefulness and watchfulness (every moment he is driving) alone that the public do not suffer more for their own unreasonable carelessness. They come from the curb in all ways—sideways, backward, reading newspapers, trying shoe laces and from behind wagons and crollies without reason or regulation. They get half way over and turn back. The children (truly the menaces of our streets and the constant dread and care of the chauffeurs) play headlessly in the middle of the streets. We chauffeurs are blamed for what is due to our system of street regulation, to our regulations, except for our own carelessness. In London streets, although traffic is much more congested, there are fewer accidents than in this city. In London an unlighted vehicle of any kind means a summons and a fine, while in this city we have unlighted wagons, with protruding things and beams and unlighted boyies and beggars, all of which the "reckless" chauffeur must look out for in the night gloom. We admit there are many reckless drivers of automobiles, and we would be as glad as the public to eliminate them. Why not start at the source, viz., the License Bureau? Why give to any and every hoodlum who can write his name or drive a car around the block the official seal of the license tag without examining his record for sobriety and trustworthiness? Would it not be a good plan to make the present motorcycle police patrol the streets or stand in the street to prevent accidents instead of lurking or hiding in hallways waiting for accidents to happen?
G. G. R.

Why Not?

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By Maurice Ketten



The Jarr Family.

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Now that the Cuckleberry girls are visiting us you should get some of your unmarried friends to come up to the house," said Mrs. Jarr.

"I haven't any unmarried friends," replied Mr. Jarr. "You chased 'em all off years and years ago."

"Those kinds of friends I would not have at my house to meet two nice girls," retorted Mrs. Jarr acidly. "You were speaking of Mr. Johnston, the cousin down at your office?"

"Johnston's engaged," interrupted Mr. Jarr. "He's got a girl in the Bronx he's doted about. Has her out to the movies and tango too."

"We have nothing to do with his being engaged," interrupted Mrs. Jarr. "Surely you do not think Irene Cuckleberry and Gladys Cuckleberry are over from Philadelphia hunting husbands?"

"I'm not going to be jackal-general for the Cuckleberry girls," growled Mr. Jarr. "I don't like 'em. I think they are lazy, selfish, fresh, forward, starchy."

"I think, too, they might have waited till my Christmas shopping was over," whispered Mrs. Jarr. "Still, you never can tell when you may need people. So we'll have to be nice to them. I suppose they will stay till after New Year's. We'll have to look around and find out if any of our friends would like to take nice young girls along—for certainly we haven't the money to pay for a New Year's Eve affair."

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